

Fine Floo'ers in the Valley

Child 20

Emma sings this hauntingly beautiful variant of 'The Cruel Mother', a tale of infanticide with a supernatural twist. This version was originally published in Johnson's Musical Museum.

She sat doon below a thorn
Fine floo'ers in the valley
And there she has her sweet babe borne
And the green leaves they grow rarely

Smile nae sae sweet, my bonnie babe
Fine floo'ers in the valley
An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me deid
And the green leaves they grow rarely

She's ta'en oot her wee penknife
Fine floo'ers in the valley
And twined the sweet babe o its life
And the green leaves they grow rarely

She's howkit a grave by the licht o the moon
Fine floo'ers in the valley
And there she's buried her sweet babe in
And the green leaves they grow rarely

As she was goin tae the Church
Fine floo'ers in the valley
She saw a sweet babe in the porch
And the green leaves they grow rarely

O bonnie babe, an thou wert mine
Fine floo'ers in the valley
O I wid clad thee in silk sae fine
And the green leaves they grow rarely

O mither dear, when I was thine
Fine floo'ers in the valley
You didnae prove tae me sae kind
And the green leaves they grow rarely

an = if
didnae = did not
doon = down
floo'ers = flowers
howkit = burrowed, dug
nae = not
oot = out
sae = so
ta'en = taken
tae = to
twined = taken, severed
wee = little, small
wid = would